

**CHARLES STARRETT**

# **the DURANGO KID**

No. 12

10¢



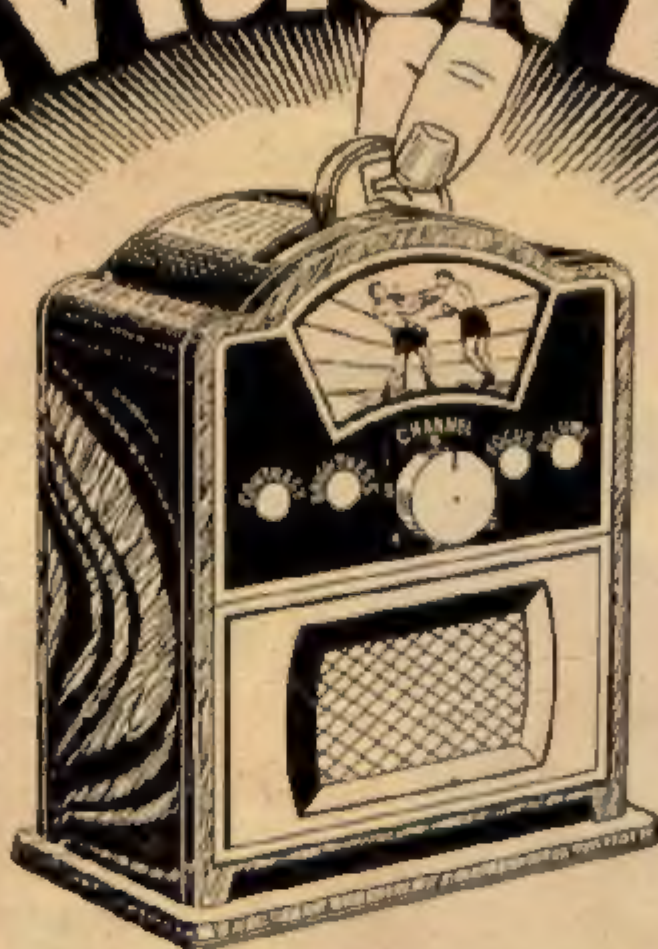


THE SHOW'S ON,  
GANG!

# New! Super-Duper! Simply Terrific! TELEVISION BANK

**LIGHTS UP!**  
LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST  
TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES  
IN FULL COLOR!
- WITS EVERY TELEVISION  
HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR  
FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR  
SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!



ALL-STEEL CONSTRUCTION

**ONLY  
\$1.98**

**COMPLETE WITH  
BATTERY AND BULB!**

Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midger wonder!

**LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN!** Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

**AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE!** Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

**TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE!** When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

**PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST!** Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

**IT'S A MONEY—IN EVERY DETAIL!** You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4 1/4" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. **GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU**, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

**... BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL  
NEW TELEVISION BANK! SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY!**

## NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last work in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

SEAGEE CO., 2 Allen St., Dept. 46B3F, New York 2, N. Y.

**SEAGEE CO., Dept. 46BH  
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N. Y.**

☐ Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

(Please Print Plainly)

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Zone \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ I enclose \$1.98. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

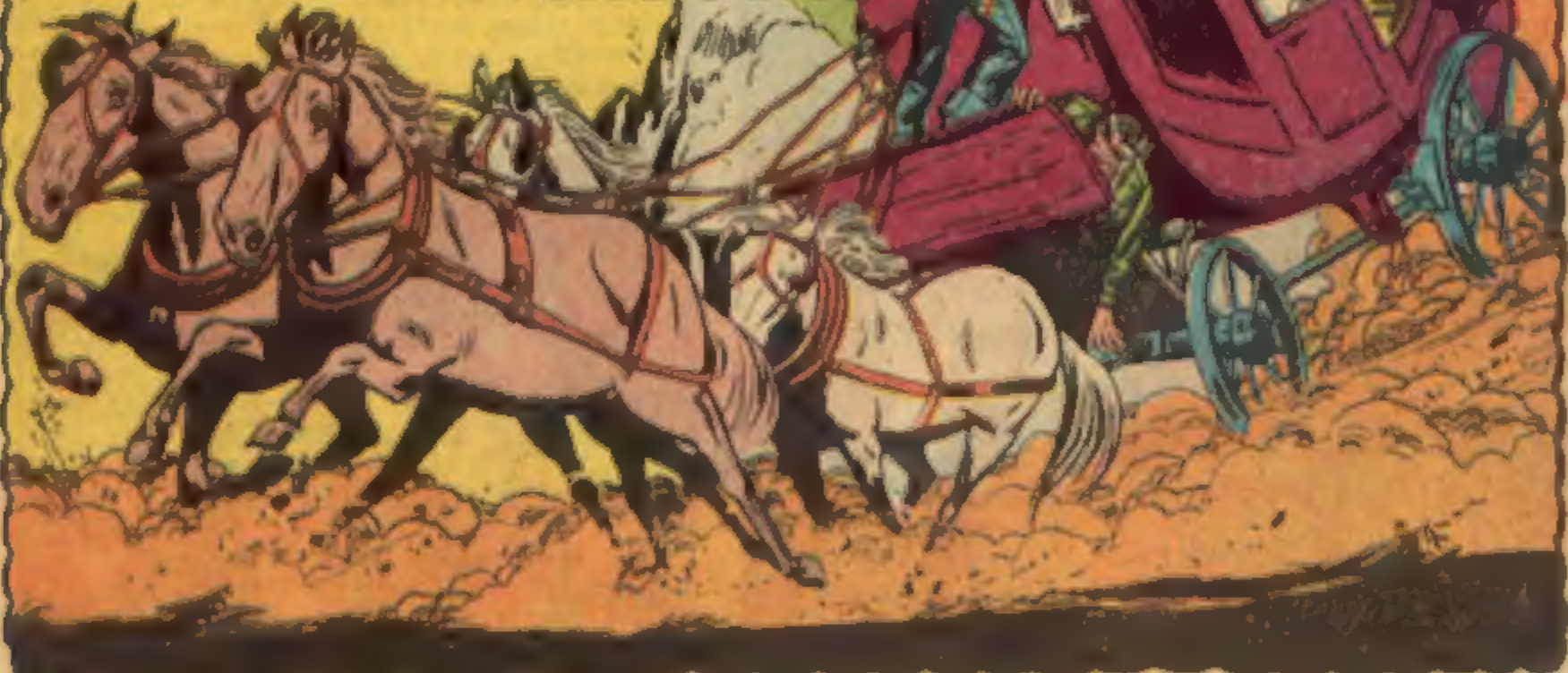


# the DURANGO KID

THE HIGHWAY  
GREYHOUNDS OF  
THE EARLY DAYS  
WERE THE STAINCH  
STAGECOACHES THAT  
CARRIED MAIL AND  
PASSENGERS ACROSS  
THE LAND. THE  
BOUNDLESS PLAINS  
HOLD A THOUSAND PERILS—  
EACH BUSH HID AN ENEMY AND  
THE HOWLING WINDS CARRIED THE  
SONS OF DRYGULCH BULLETS, SCREAMING  
DEATH! IT TOOK GRIT, GUTS AND  
HAIN LIKE STEVE BRAND, -ALIAS  
THE DURANGO KID  
— TO COME



## SHOOTIN' THROUGH



WELL, PETE — YOU'VE FINALLY  
GOT A STAGECOACH LINE ALL  
YOUR OWN. I WISH YOU ALL  
THE LUCK IN THE WORLD!

I'LL **NEED**  
THAT LUCK, STEVE  
— BECAUSE THIS  
LINE **ISN'T**  
ENTIRELY  
MY OWN...



YOU SEE, I HAD TO BORROW A  
LOT OF MONEY TO GET THIS  
VENTURE STARTED. LEM STEVENS  
HOLDS THE MORTGAGE ON MY  
COMPANY — AND HE'S A  
**TOUGH** MAN TO  
DEAL WITH....!



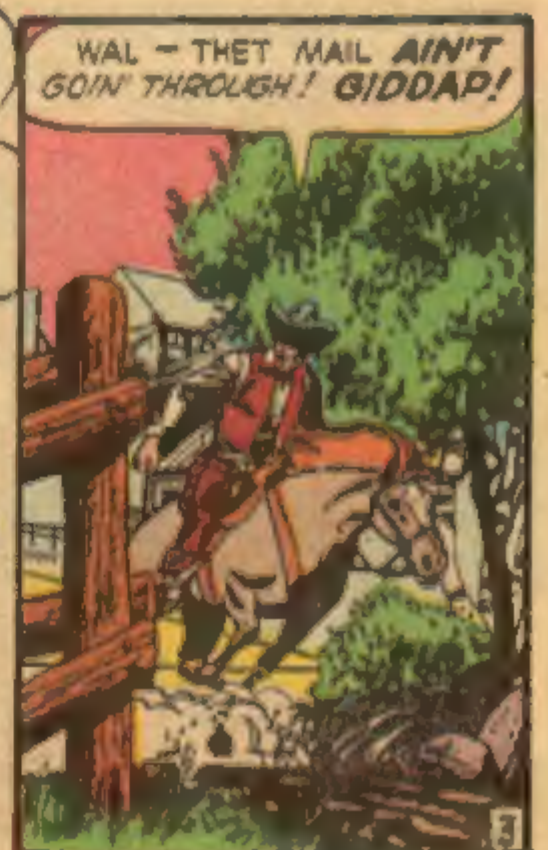
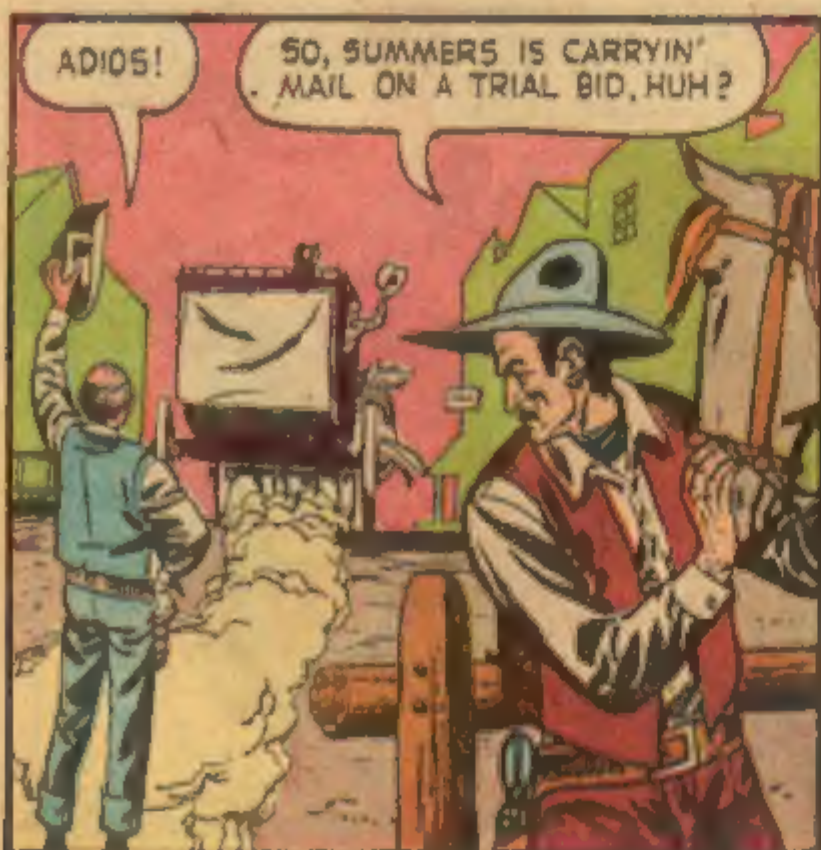
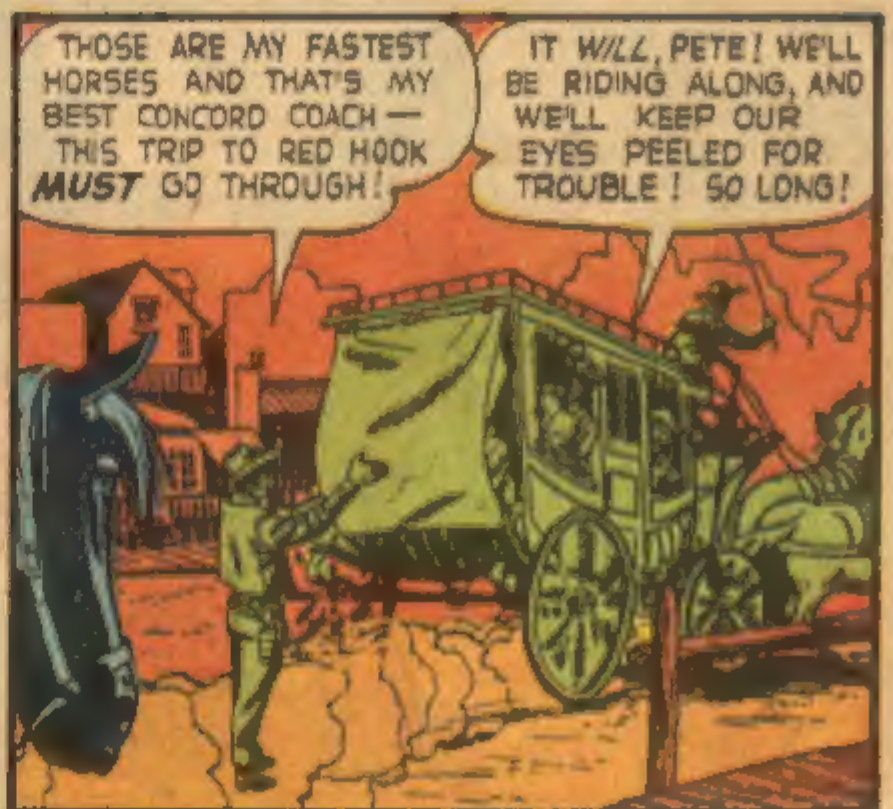
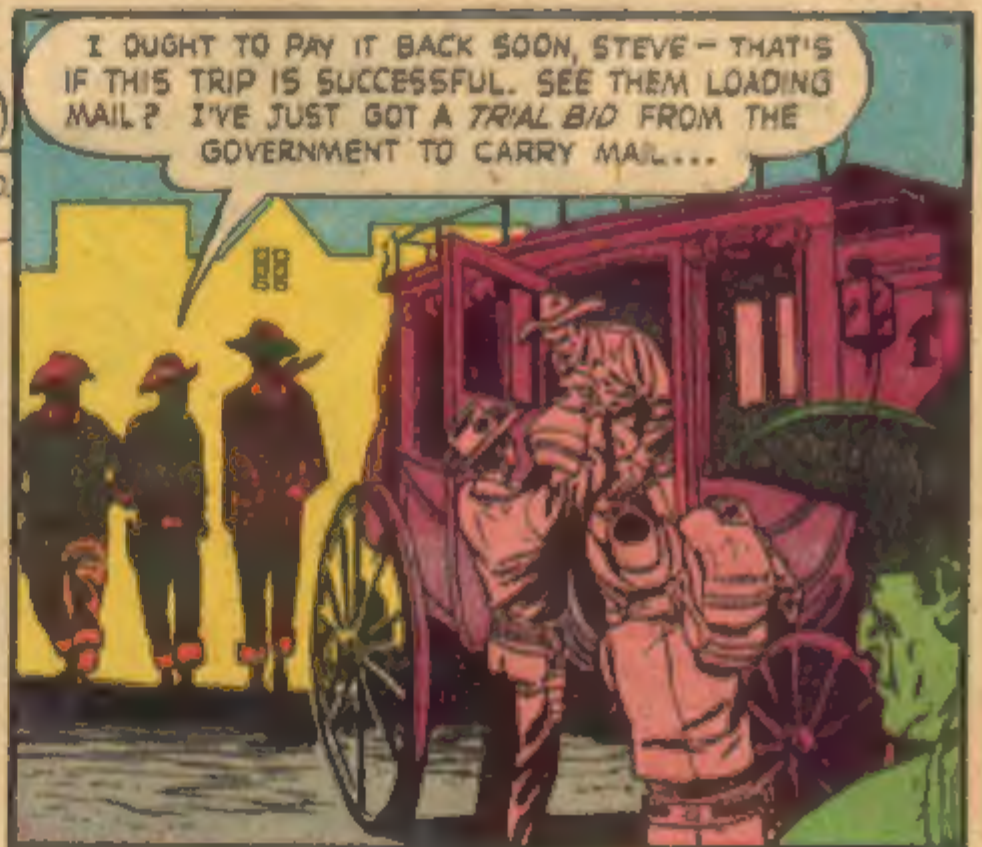


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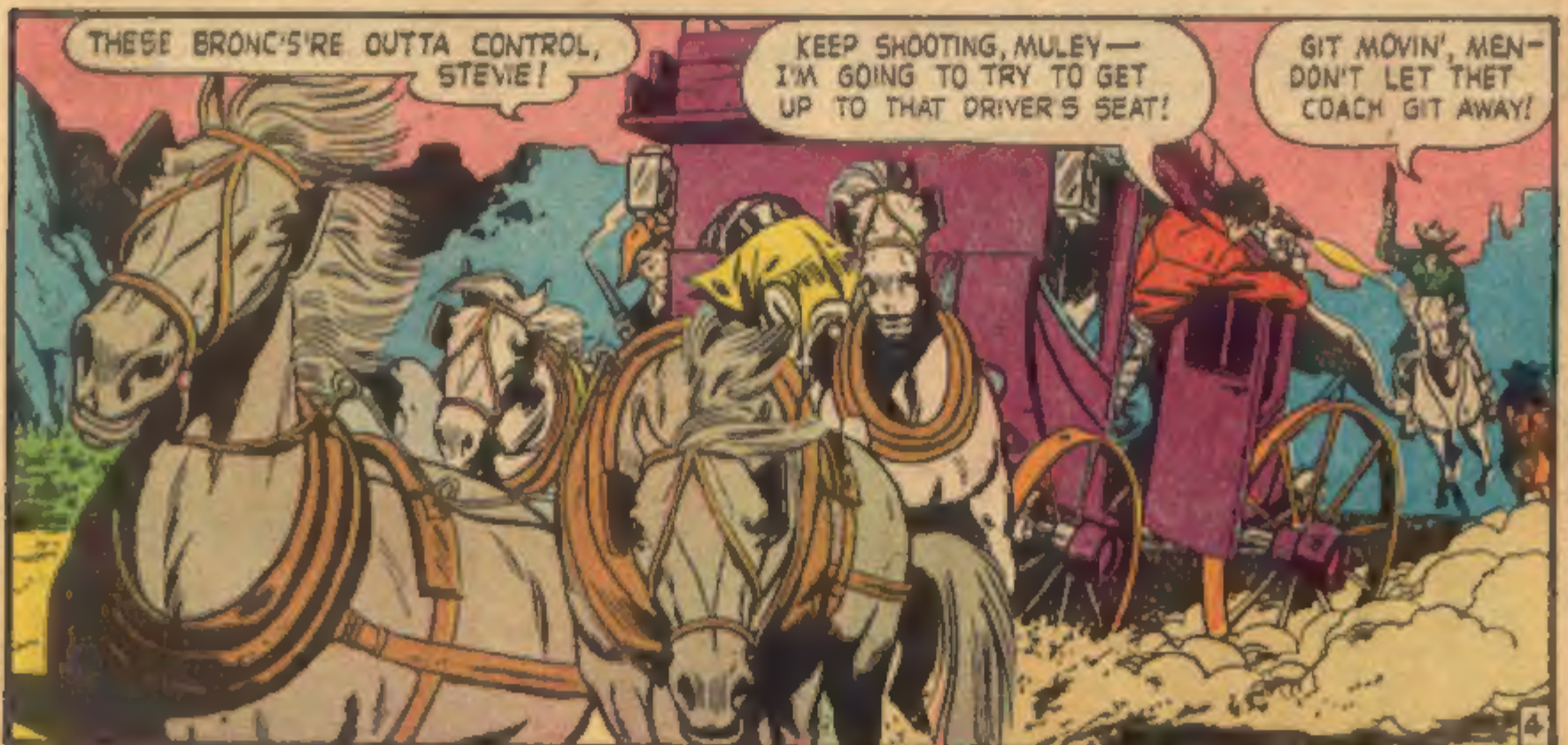


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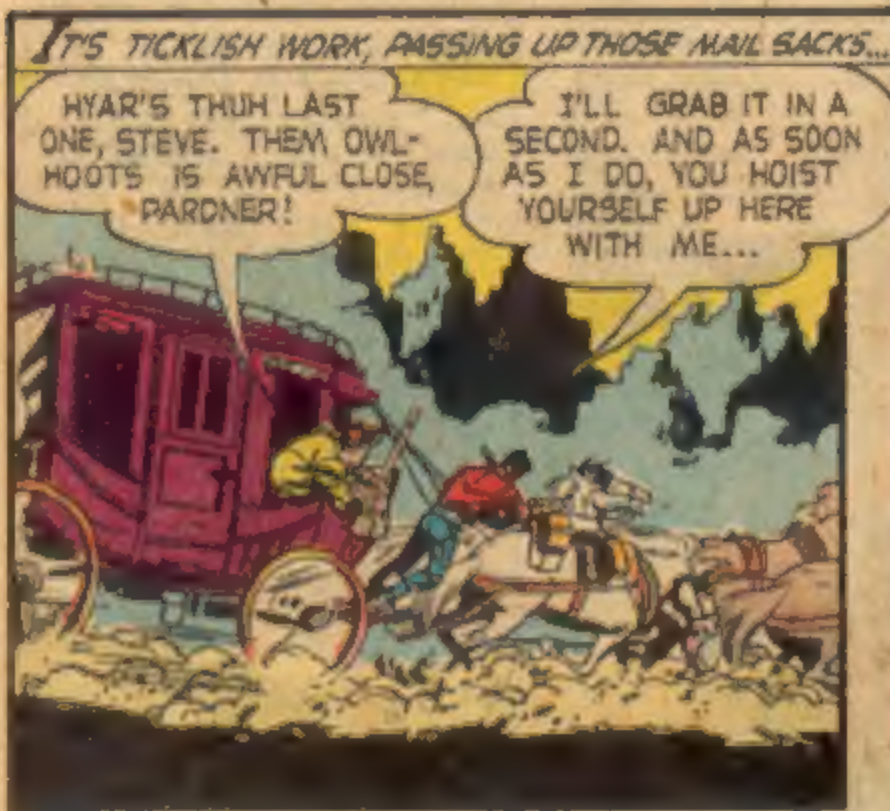


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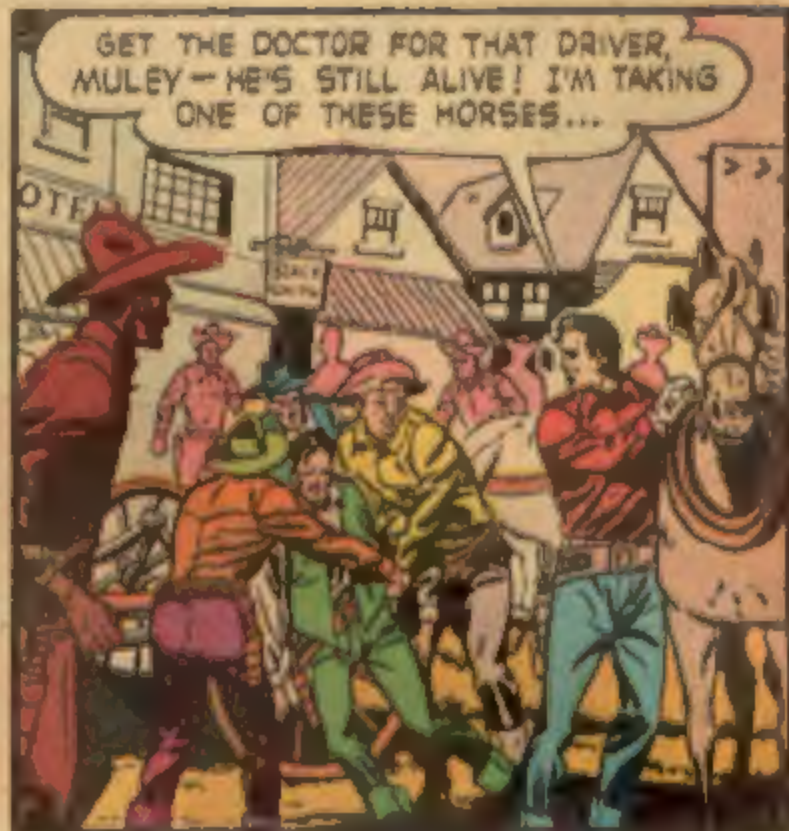


# THE DURANGO KID





# THE DURANGO KID



**JUST A FEW MINUTES LATER... AT A SECRET HIDEOUT...**





# THE DURANGO KID





# THE DURANGO KID





# DURANGO KID

NO MAN'S  
TOUGH ENOUGH  
TO BEAT ME  
NOT EVEN—

NOT EVEN  
THE  
DURANGO  
KID?



**W**HEN DEATH BREATHES WARM AND CLOSE THERE'S  
NO TIME FOR FANCY PLAYERS. IN A LAND WHERE LAW  
RIDES A HOT BULLET A MAN HAS GOT TO BE FAST AND  
SIX-ARMED TO WIN. HERE'S THE MAN WHO'S GOT IT.

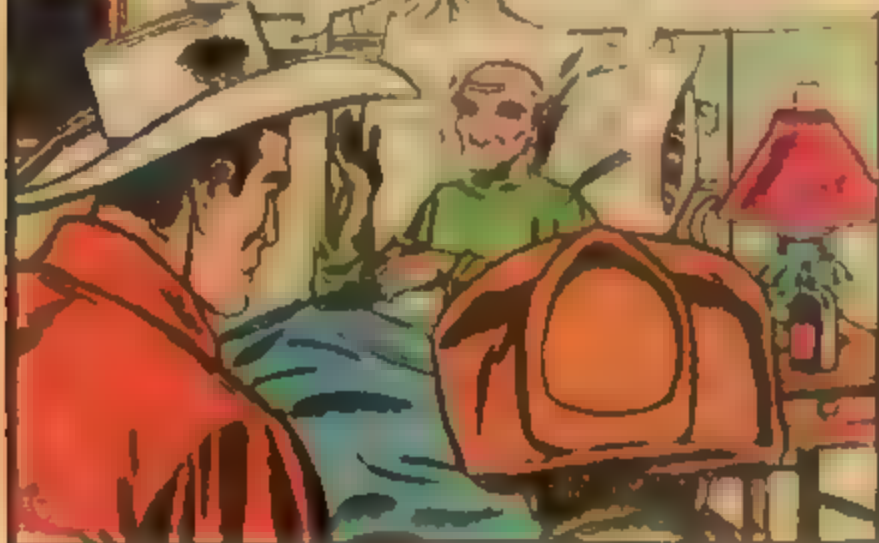
## "TOUGH AS THEY COME!"

DR. DUEMAN, I  
CAME AS SOON AS  
I GOT YOUR NOTE  
SURE WATE TO SEE  
YOU SICK LIKE THIS  
AMIGO

I'VE DRAINED YOUR  
AIGHT PER MIN SCHE  
OLD EYES. SET YOUR  
SELVES DOWN, BOTH UV  
YEH, AN' LET ME TELL  
ALL YOUR TROUBLES

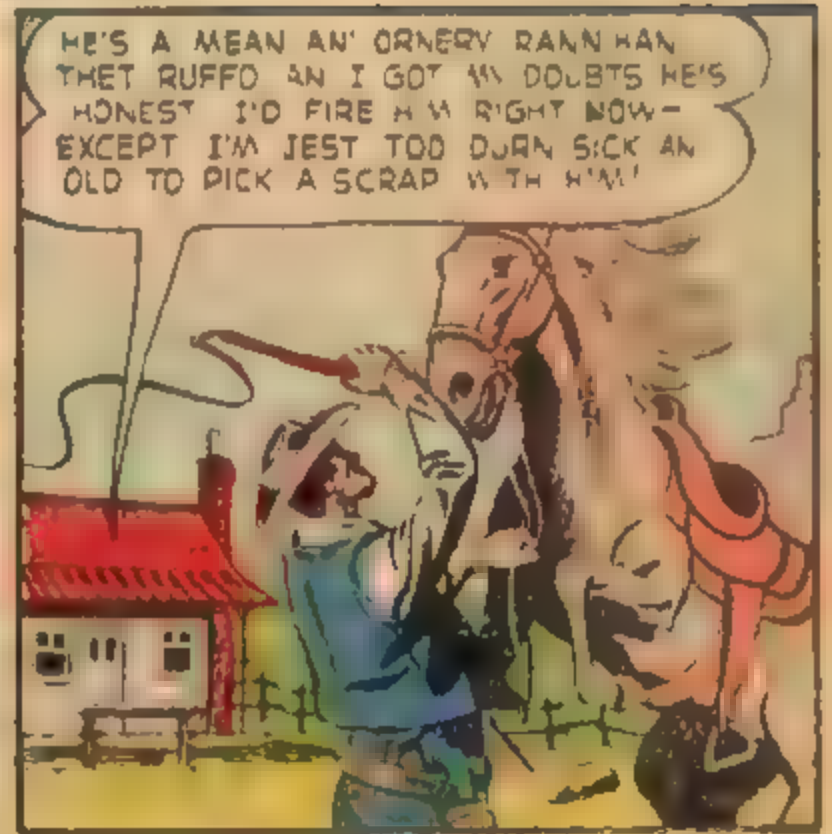
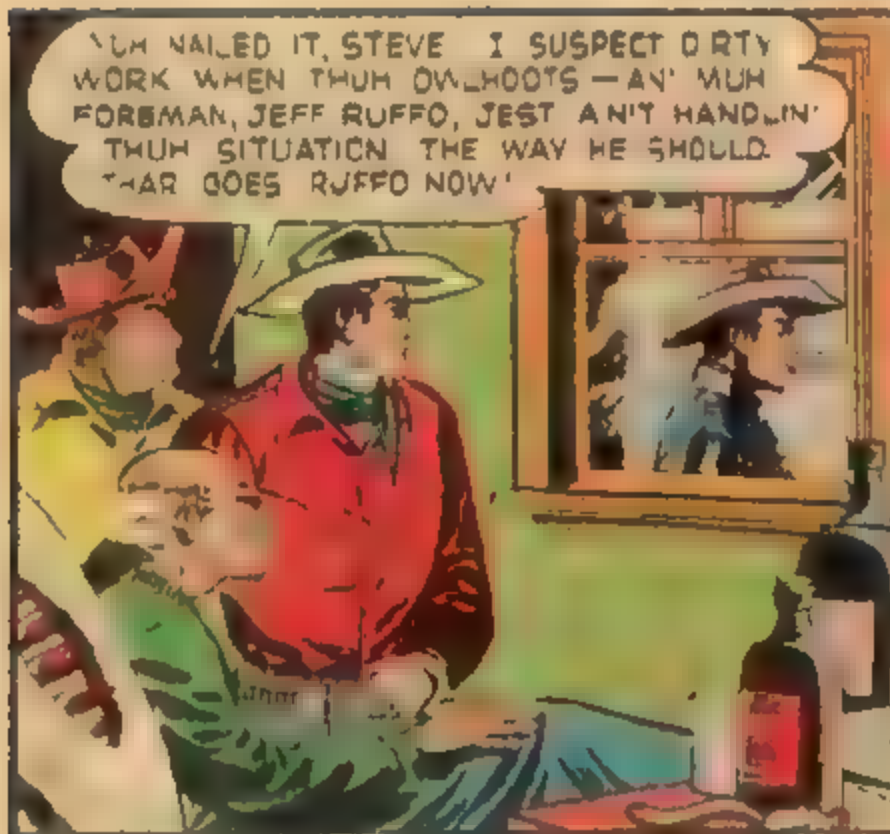
MUM CROCK'S RANCH'S  
BEEN S'IN DOWNHILL PART  
STEVE SEEMS MUCH HERDS  
GT SMALLER EVERY  
SEASON. HAHLE MUM  
NEIGHBOR MORRIS'S  
GT BIGGER!

AND  
MARKET  
SALES DON'T  
COUNT  
FOR THE  
DIFFERENCE  
EH?



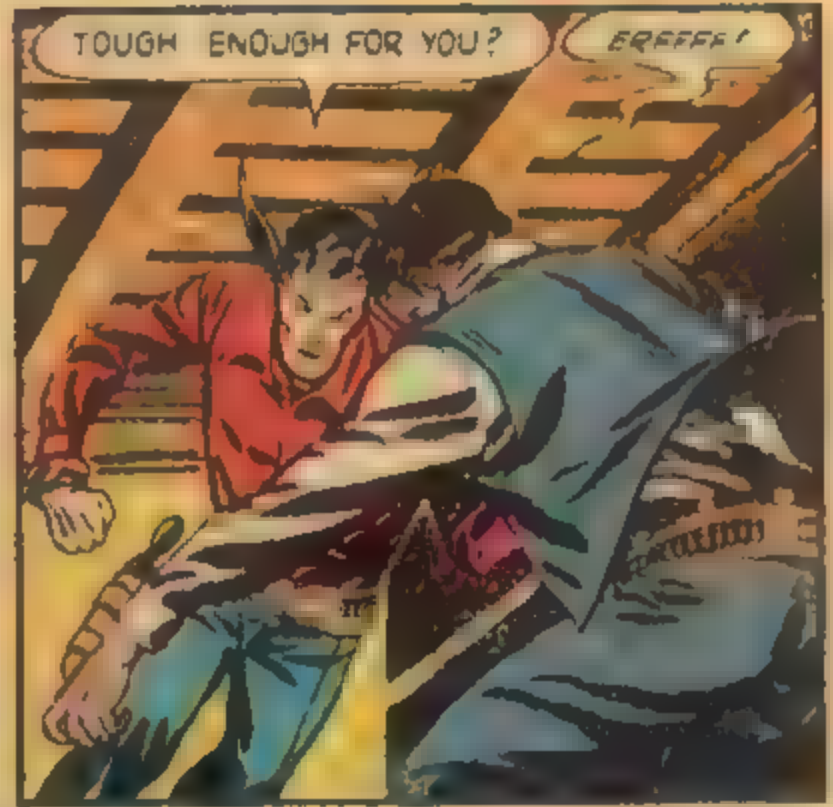
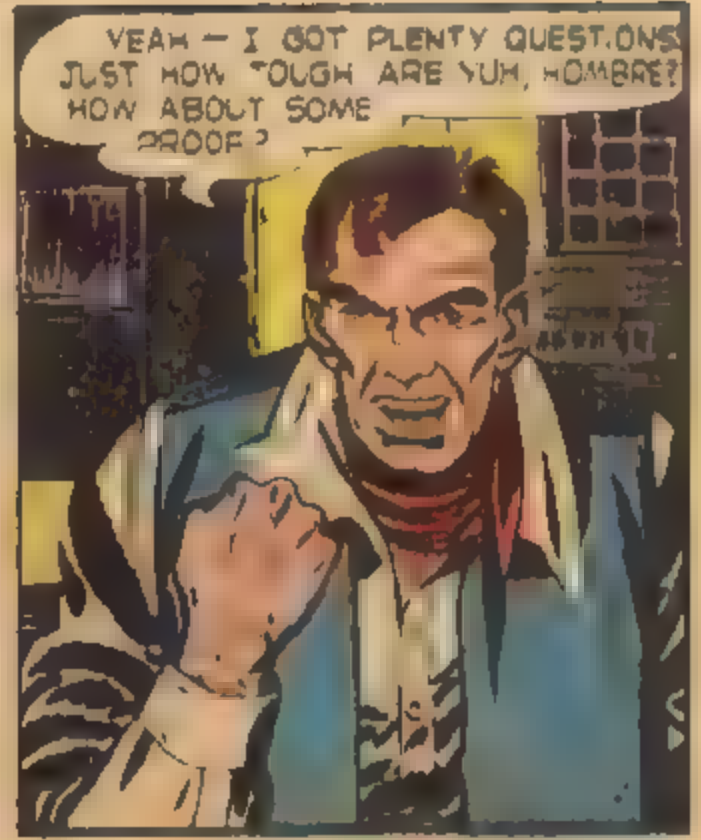
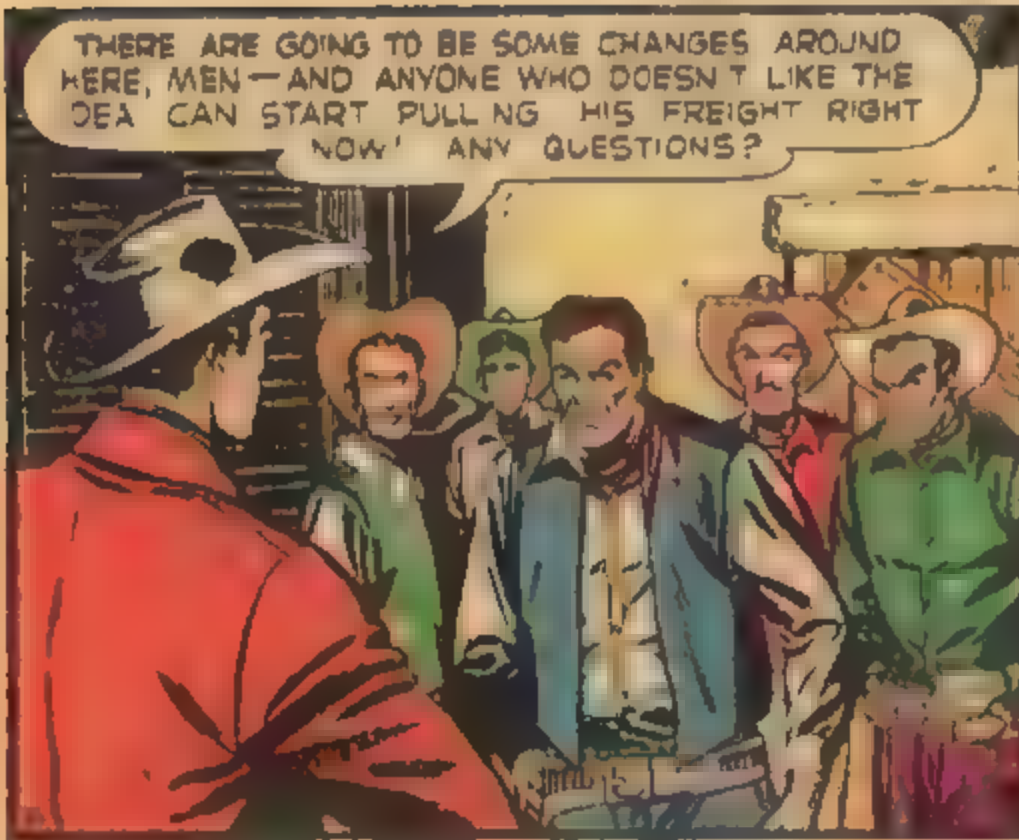


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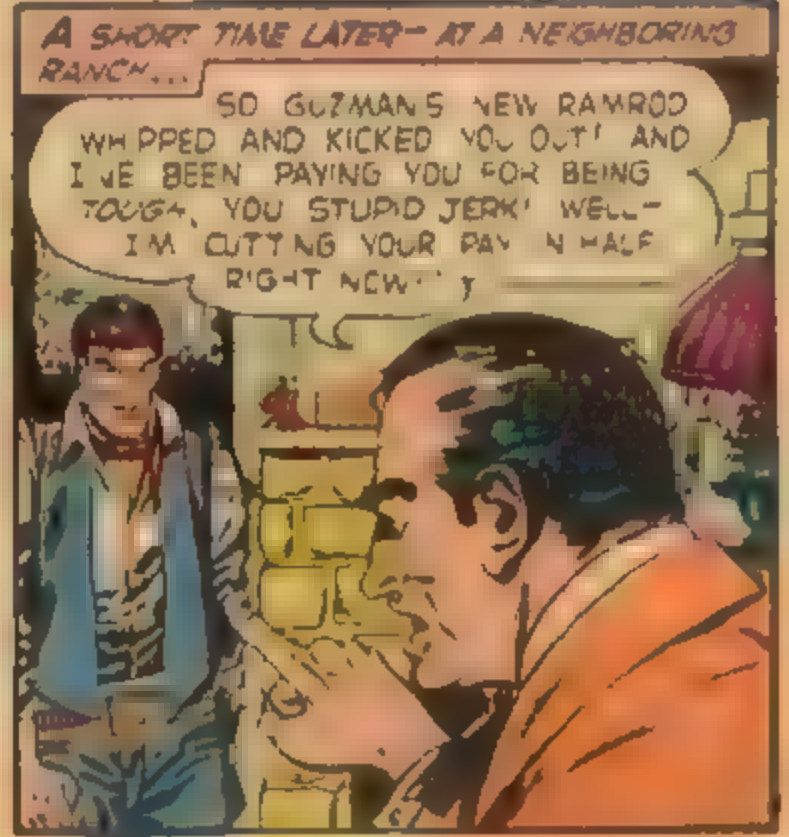


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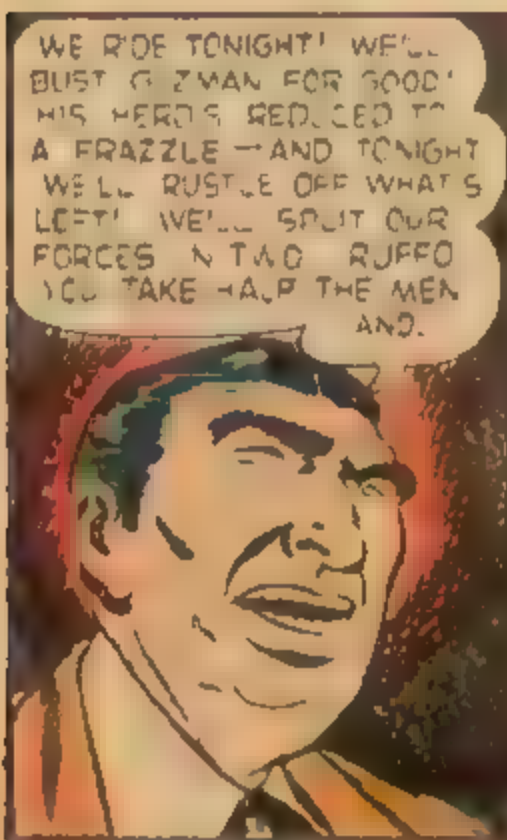




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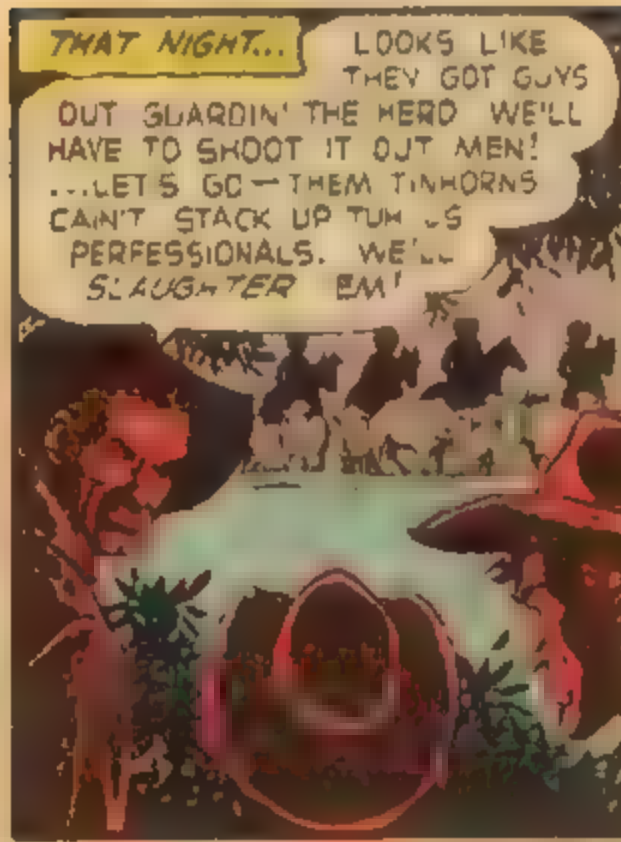
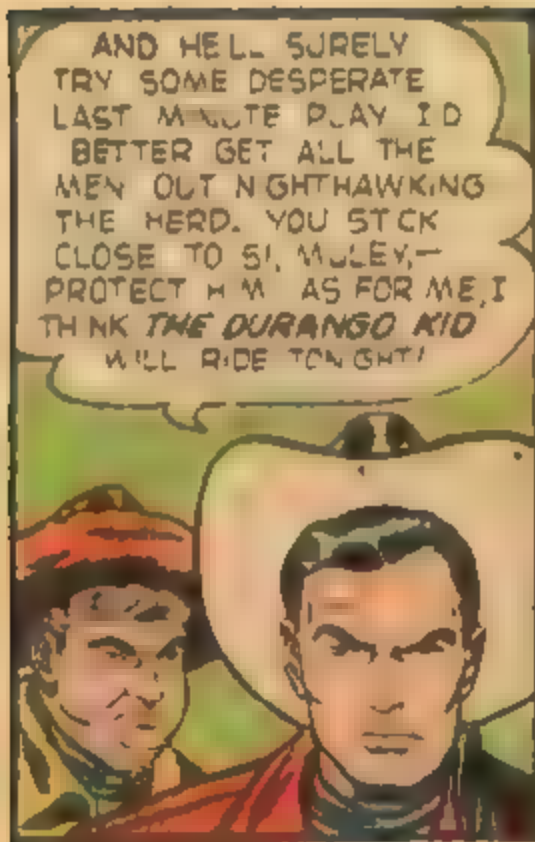


McBRIDE,  
IN A  
WHITE  
HEAT  
OF  
FURY  
THUNDERS  
INTO  
HIS  
OWN  
PLACE...





# THE DURANGO KID



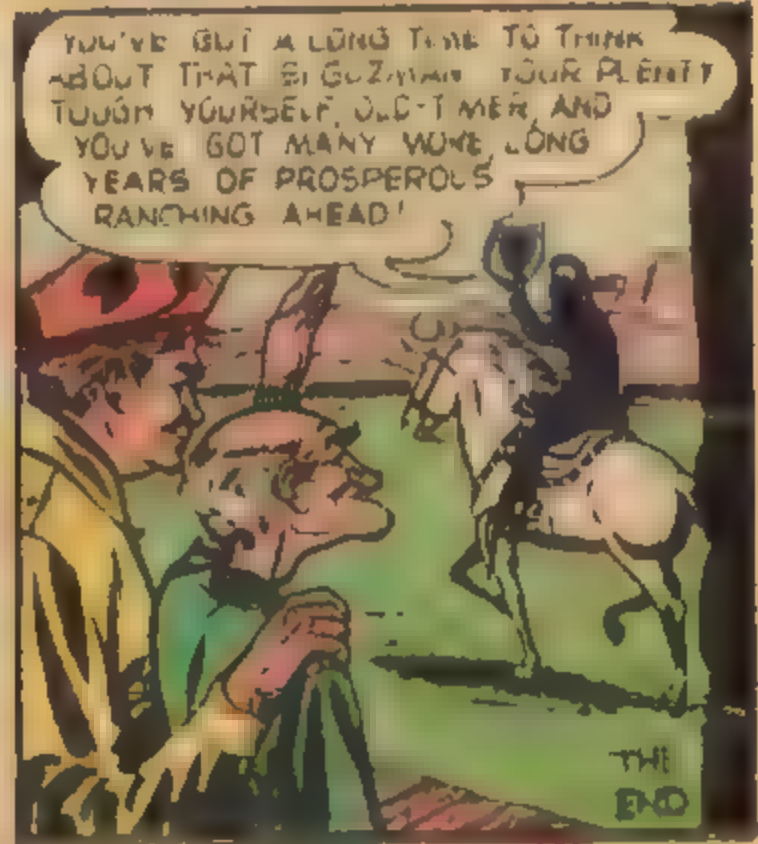


# THE DURANGO KID





# THE DURANGO KID





# Dan Brand and Tipi

A JUBBERNAUT ARMY OF REDCOATS AND NESSIANS SWEEPS DOWN FROM CANADA IN A POWERFUL BID TO CRUSH THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. WHO WILL WARN THE PEOPLE OF THIS NEW THREAT? WHO WILL GIVE THE CALL TO ARMS? NONE OTHER THAN DAN BRAND AND TIPI, RIDING A FRAIL CRAFT THROUGH THEIR MOST PERILOUS PASSAGE, SLITHERING THROUGH THE DREADED

**"River Gauntlet!"**



THE BRITISH ARMY SWEEPS DOWN FROM CANADA THROUGH THE LAKES AND RIVERS OF UPSTATE NEW YORK

HERE'S OUR PLAN, GENTLEMEN!—WE'RE MARCHING SOUTH FROM CANADA AND AT ALBANY WE WILL MEET WITH GENERAL HOWE'S FORCES NOW MARCHING NORTH. DO YOU APPRECIATE THE SIGNIFICANCE, GENTLEMEN?

I SAY RAY—THE GENERAL BURSOME—RAW—THER!









# THE DURANGO KID

A CANOE HAS BEEN CAREFULLY HIDDEN AMONG THE REEDS...

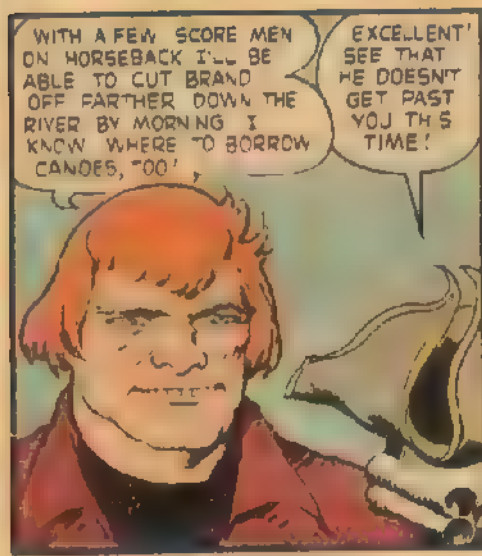


LUCKY FOR US  
THERE'S NO MOON.  
DIG, TII! - DIG!



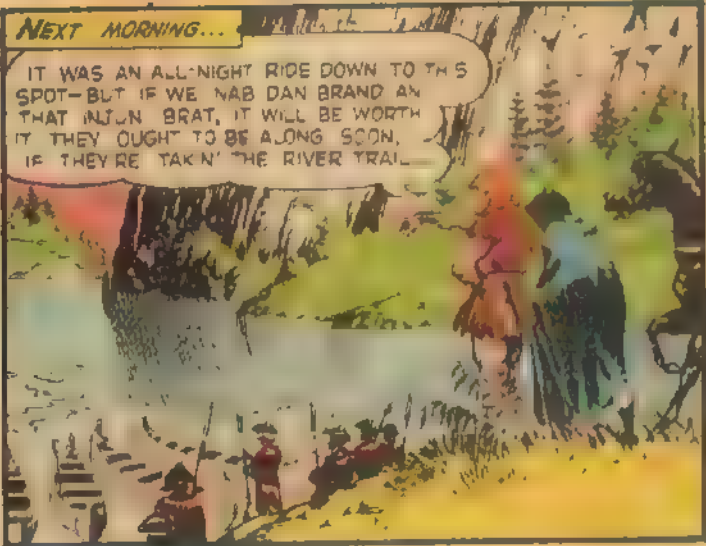
ZOUNDS, THEY  
GOT AWAY -  
DOUBTLESS TO  
WARN THE REBELS  
OF OUR PLANS! I  
SAY WHAT ROTTEN  
BLOODY LUCK!

I GOT AN  
IDEA  
GENERAL  
BURGONE



WITH A FEW SCORE MEN  
ON HORSEBACK I'LL BE  
ABLE TO CUT BRAND  
OFF FARTHER DOWN THE  
RIVER BY MORNING I  
KNOW WHERE TO BORROW  
CANOES, 'OO'

EXCELLENT!  
SEE THAT  
HE DOESN'T  
GET PAST  
YOU TH'S  
TIME!

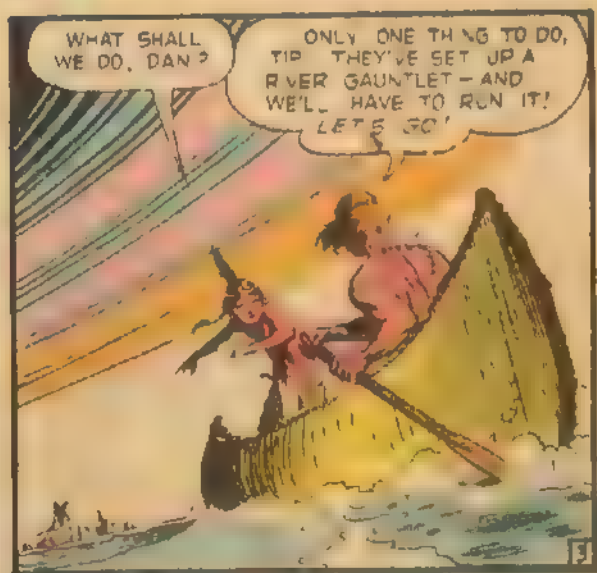


NEXT MORNING...

IT WAS AN ALL-NIGHT RIDE DOWN TO THIS  
SPOT - BUT IF WE NAB DAN BRAND AND  
THAT INJUN BRAT, IT WILL BE WORTH  
IT. THEY OUGHT TO BE ALONG SOON,  
IF THEY'RE TAKIN' THE RIVER TRAIL.



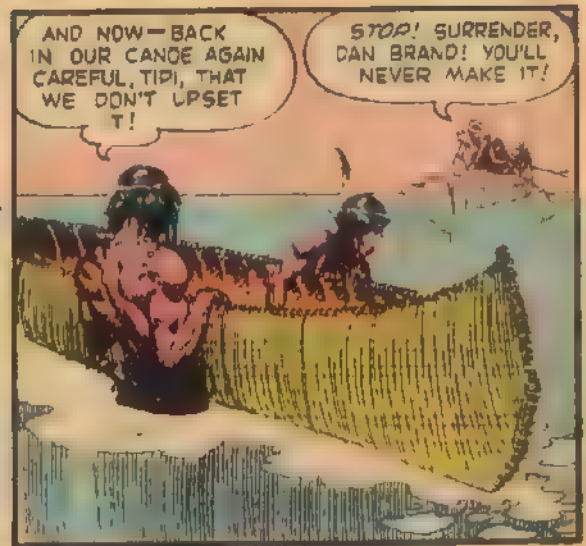
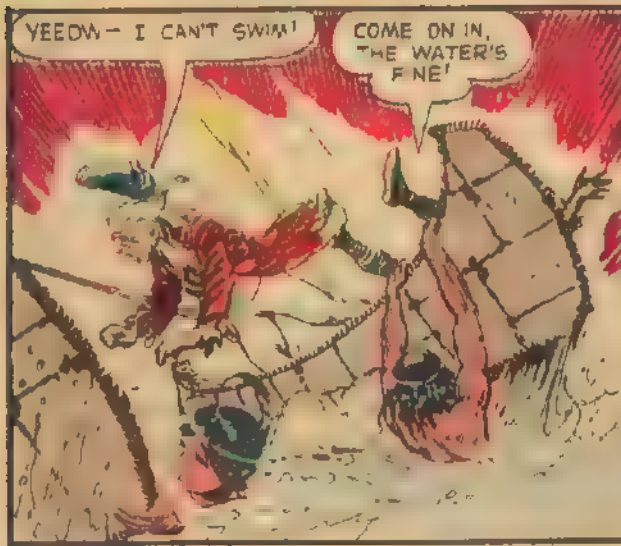
HERE THEY  
COME!  
SHOVE OFF!



WHAT SHALL  
WE DO, DAN?

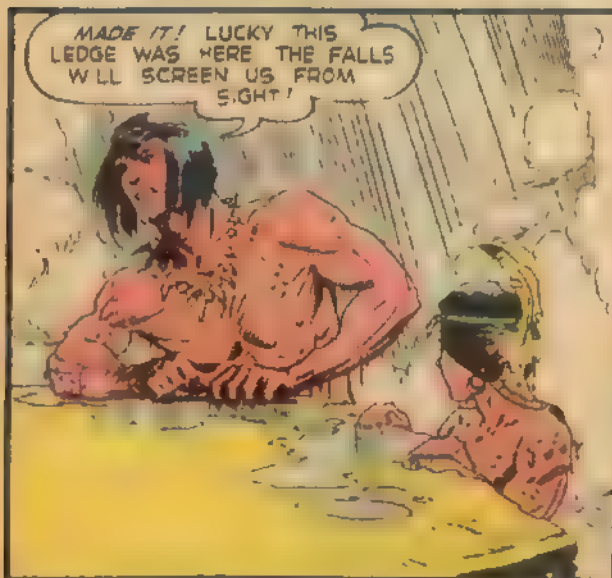
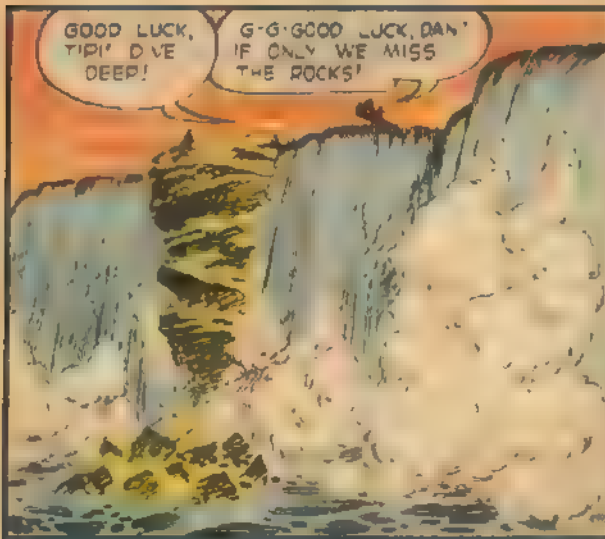
ONLY ONE THING TO DO,  
TIP! THEY'VE SET UP A  
RIVER GAUNTLET - AND  
WE'LL HAVE TO RUN IT!  
LET'S GO!





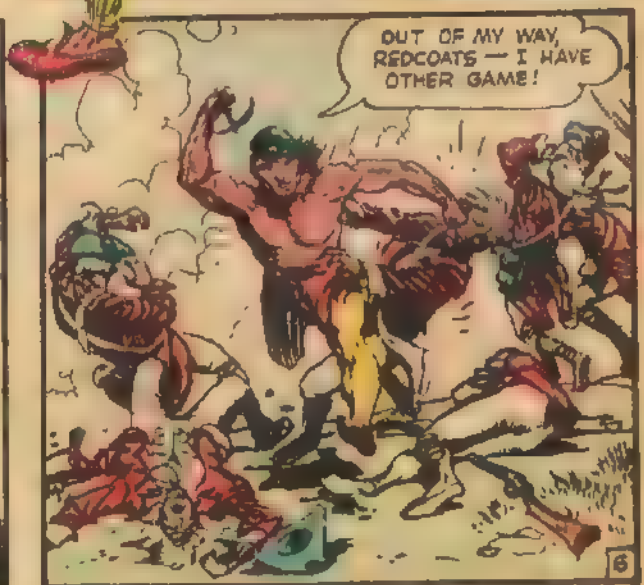
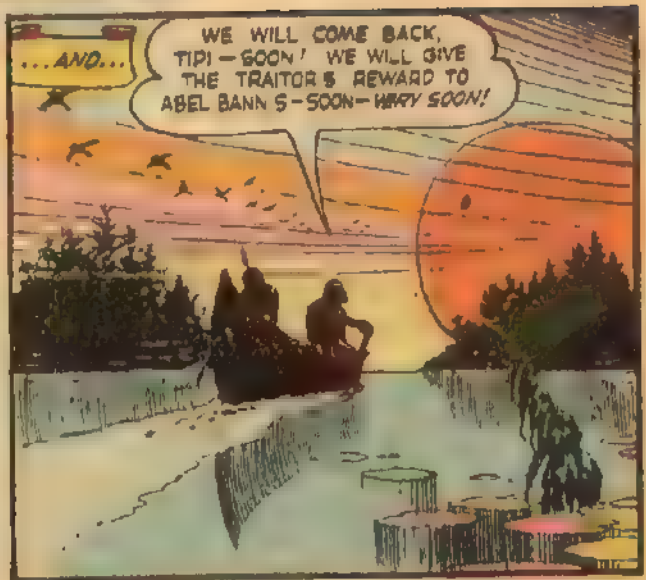


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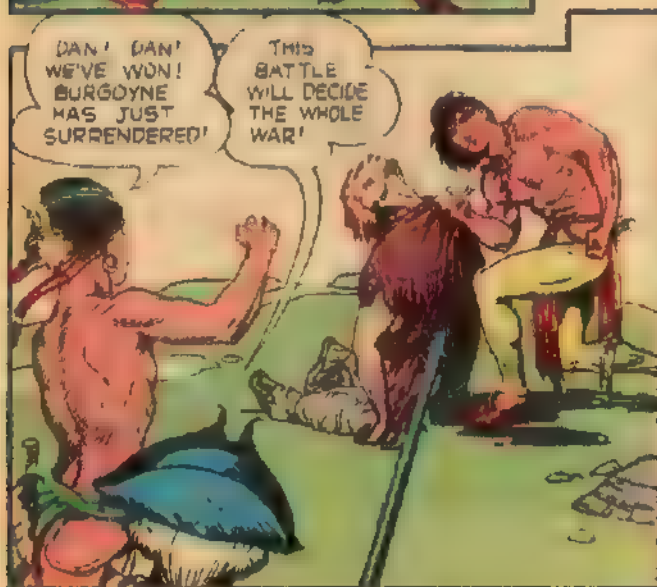


# THE DURANGO KID





# THE DURANGO KID







**T**HE SHELLBELT, with its row of brass-studded cartridges and the walnut-handled Colt sixgun felt heavy and familiar to sheriff Tate Lucas as he strapped it around his lean waist. His glance caught his face reflected from the broken old mirror in front of which he shaved every morning. His face was lined, grim. His black hair was edged with gray at his temples and above the ears. *I've been a long time doing this,* he thought to himself. *Buckling on my gun and belt and going out after another young hombre who think he's too fast for any man who wears the star badge.*

He stomped on his worn, highheeled boots across the wooden floor, raising the dust of the last twenty years. His spurs jingled faintly, musically. He'd gotten those spurs down in Nogales the time he'd gone after Greaser Sam who held up the Salcido trap stage ten or twelve years ago. Huh, seemed like only yesterday he was coming in the swinging doors and The Greaser was going for his gun, his dark eyes a little wide with the sudden terror in them. Sooner or later they all got that look in their eyes, he reflected.

Tate Lucas stopped on the worn board walk outside his little office and looked upstreet, seeing the Studebaker wagons and buckboards, the quartermaster wagon from Fort Cobb, the horses reined to the hitchrail in front of the *Prairie Queen* and the *Lilly Girl*.

"Time was there'd be only horses on the street. Horses and fifteen saloons instead of just two."

Now there were general stores, two barber shops, a millinery store and a stagecoach depot with the big false-fronted bank building siding it. *Tate, you're gettin' old,* he told

himself. He looked down at his hands, slowly turning them, seeing the fingers still long and powerful, curving to fit gunbutt and trigger — but now he could see lines in them, that the constant blaze of Texas sunlight had put there after twenty years of riding the brush, chasing owlhoots.

Luke Whittington went by in his rig, calling out and waving a hand. He saw Miz Tucker and Miz Leahy moving into the new-fangled photography parlor. Shaking his head, he came out onto the dust of the street and across to Blaze, his pinto. *The town's growing up, and it's passing you by, like it passed the Judas tree they cut down last week so Abner Kraft could put his new food emporium close to the milliner's shop and hardware store.*

Chris Fannin came down off the hitchrail at sight of him. Young Chris said, "Paw sent me 'long to say howdy, sir. He said as how you might like somebody to talk to, up in the Himakapas."

The sheriff smiled wistfully. He remembered the night Chris had been born, eighteen years ago. Weren't many ranches in the valley then. Or stores in town, for that matter. Chris Fannin could shoot the eye out of a rattlesnake's head at three hundred yards with a Winchester. His Paw and Tate Lucas had started ranching together in the valley. Yancey Fannin had stuck to ranching. Tate had given it up, once he made some money and since he was fast with a Colt he took to wearing the star badge. Old Yancey didn't want to lose his checker opponent — and the 'Pache Kid was reputed a sure bet to down a man who'd seen his best days. So he'd sent his boy along to cover old Tate's trail.

The sheriff said, "I'm just riding to take a look-see, Chris. You copper it that I'll call you when I need you." But his mind whispered, *It's your job to go out into the Himakapas while the Kid is hot and eat lead. You can't take this boy with you to do 'em.*

Young Chris watched him as he swung into the kak, squinting against the sunlight. He opened his lips, flashed, and looked away. Tate Lucas smiled.

"You go tell your paw I'll come back at sundown, an' he better be pretty plumb hot tonight. I aim to beat him three checkers games out of five."

Chris chuckled. Range courtesy forbade him to force himself. He shifted the rifle and wondered how this old codger would get it, for the whole Territory knew the 'Pache Kid was death in boots to any man who wore a law badge.



The sheriff rode out of town and into the morning sunlight shelving down off the slopes of the Lower Himakapas. His Win-



## THE DURANGO KID

Chester rubbed his knee in its worn, cracked-leather saddle sheath. His old Colt was a comforting weight on his right hip. He sniffed in the pine-scented air, and loosened the buttons of his range jacket.

The 'Pache Kid was a killer. He'd robbed two trains and twenty stages and one bank. He was wanted for murdering a widow and her two children for thirty-five double eagles. He carried two rifles and three revolvers, a hunting knife and a tomahawk. He shot first and never stopped to ask questions. Rumor had it that among his nine victims were three sheriffs and a Texas Ranger. Tate strongly doubted that the Kid had ever shot and killed a sheriff, much less a Ranger.

"He's young," Tate told his pinto. "Not nineteen yet, an' wild as a unbroke Morgan horse. Maybe he killed two white men. Maybe even three, four g easers. The rest was Indians — an' not wild ones, at that."

Tate Lucas had a magnificent scorn for the "modern" bad man. He had ridden stirrup to stirrup with Wild Bill Hickok and John Wesley Hardin. He'd seen Billy Tilghman throw down on the notorious Bill Doolin. Even when he'd been covered by an outlaw's guns in the past, Tate Lucas had been cool, confident.

"They go bad too young now," he was fond of telling Yancey Fannin. "They don't take the time to learn their trade."

That was all he had — the confidence of a man grown tired under the weight of a sheriff's badge, and a gun that seldom missed — if he got the chance to use it.

He swung the pinto's head toward the timber belt and urged him to a lope.



The pinto came out from the shadow of the lava rock as the bullet took off in a ricochet an inch from his left foreleg, and went *spannnging* into the sky. The saddle creaked and a shadow moved and then Tate Lucas lay belly-down with a rifle cuddled under his chin. His alert blue eyes went dancing from rock to rock above him.

He saw the shadow move and fired. A yelp of surprise answered him. Might be he was giving away a hole card by letting the Kid know what he could do with a rifle, but he couldn't resist. Take the Kid down a peg or two in his own estimation. Teach the Kid a bit of respect for the star badge!

He inched forward, sliding so that his back was protected by a jutting lip of rock above him. He moved like an Indian, so quietly that no sound bothered the chirp-chirp of a road-runner. Idly he watched the little bird dart and circle, then race off. He was joined by two more and they moved into the rocks.

With a plainman's eye, Tate saw the moulted feathers here and there on the rocks,

wherever he looked. He slid on, rifle in his hand.

Fully an hour later he was less than a hundred yards from his head drooping pinto pony. But he was fifty feet higher than he had been, and much of the rocky formation of the Himakapas lay under him. He squirmed closer to the rock, seeking the last bit of shade he could find, against the hot bite of the nooning sun. *It's sit and wait, now*, he said to himself. *One of us is goin' to get plumb impatient right soon — but it ain't goin' to be me!*



The 'Pache Kid dozed fitfully in the little cavemouth. He was part Indian and patience flowed with the blood in his veins. He could lie here and doze for hours. He lifted his head slightly, staring around him, at the sun-baked rocks, at the nodding pinto two hundred yards away.

He turned lazily to settle himself more comfortably when he heard the vicious *whrrrr* of an angry rattler.

"Por Dios!" he snarled under his breath, and shifted position abruptly, his cheeks whitening under their habitual bronze.

He looked around and saw no snake. He snorted. Again the rattles whirred, dry and crisp like fall leaves in a breeze scurrying across the ground.

"Better git 'em up, son," said a kindly voice.

The 'Pache Kid whirled and cursed. Tate Lucas stood less than ten feet above him, on a rock overhang, a Colt trained on the Kid's middle. In his hand was a long string, and tied to that, the dried remains of a rattlesnake's rattles. He whirled them again, and grinned.

The Pache kid went for his gun. Tate waited until he got it out, then he shot him. He shot to kill, remembering the widow and her two sons. The Kid slid down and lay there, still and silent.

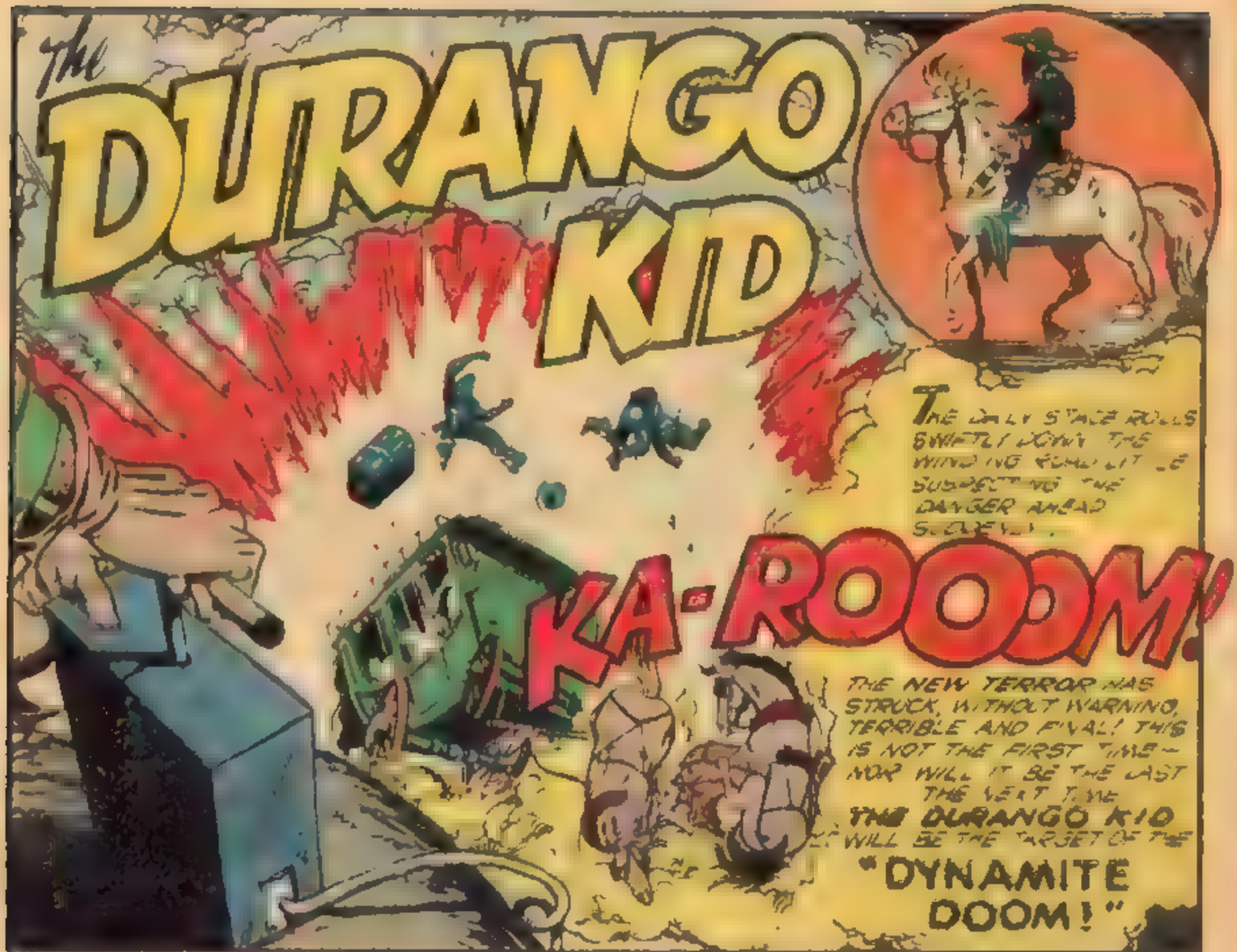
Tate said, "Trouble with you young fellers is, you never take time to learn yore trade. Where there's road-runners, you'll never find rattlesnakes. The runners eat 'em. So many runners 'round these rocks a self-respecting rattler wouldn't stand a chance."

He blew smoke from his gun and Colt and inserted a new shell. He was hot and sweaty. He'd have time for a swim in the creek, if he hurried. He didn't want to be late for his checkers game with Yancey Fannin. That was the only fun he had, any more. The rest of it — chasin' young owlhoots too green to know their business — was gettin' so easy it was boring.

Tate whistled for the Pinto and began moving down the rock.

THE END





THE MASKED DYNAMITER PROWLS THROUGH THE GHASTLY WRECKAGE

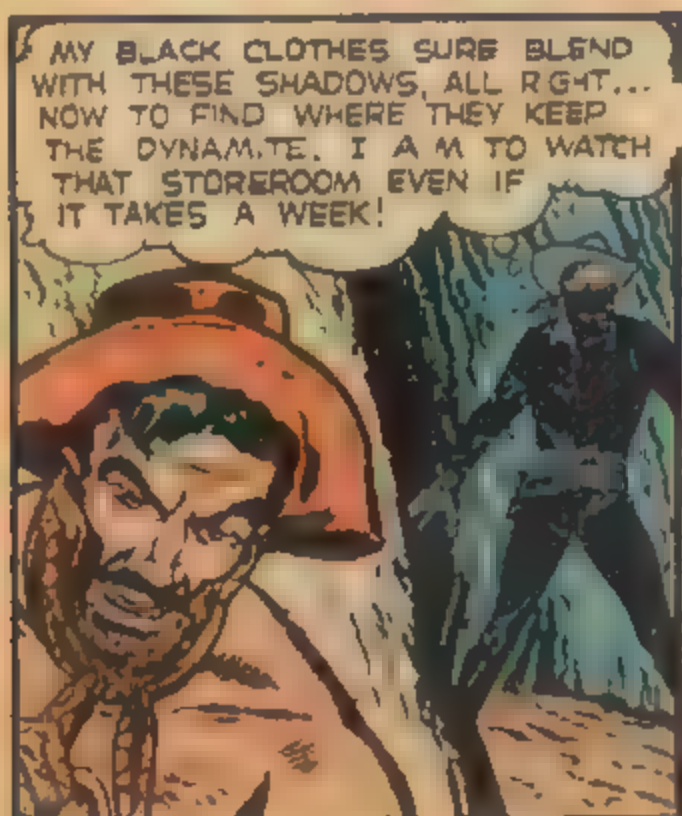
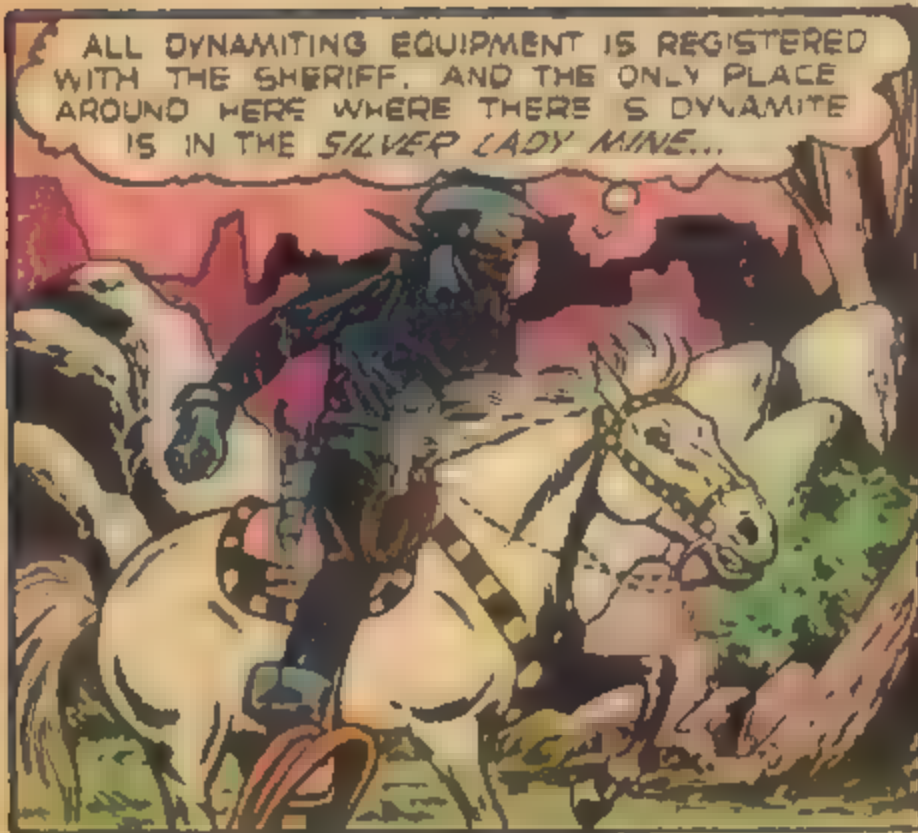
THIS IS THE SMART WAY TUH HOLD UP A STAGE ALL RIGHT! SHORE HOPE THE PAYROLL BOX IS IN ONE PECE!

IT /6! BETTER GIT AWAY FAST NOW—AFORE SOMEONE COMES POKIN 'ROUND TUH SEE WHUT TUH BLAST WJZ ALL ABOUT!





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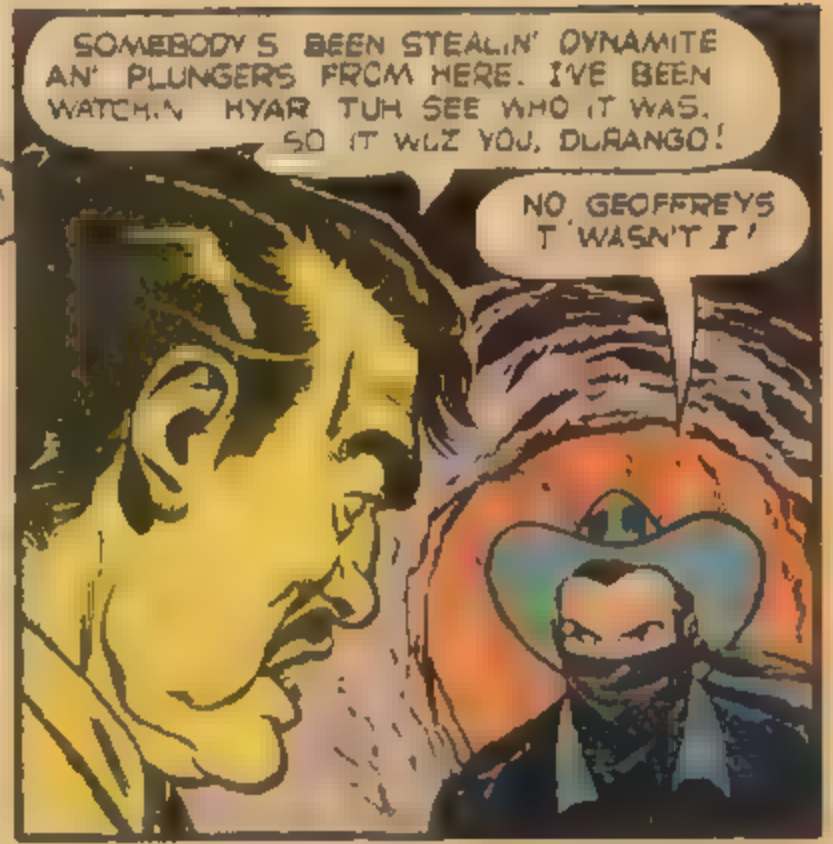


# THE DURANGO KID



WELL, I'LL BE — I  
GEOFFREYS — THE OWNER  
OF THE SILVER LADY!

DURN RIGHT I  
OWN THIS HERE  
MINE DURANGO!  
WHUT YUH DON'  
STEALIN' MUH  
BLASTIN' EQL PMENT!



SOMEBODY'S BEEN STEALIN' DYNAMITE  
AN' PLUNGERS FROM HERE. I'VE BEEN  
WATCHIN' HYAR TUH SEE WHO IT WAS.  
SO IT WLZ YOU, DLRANGO!

NO GEOFFREYS  
I WASN'T I!



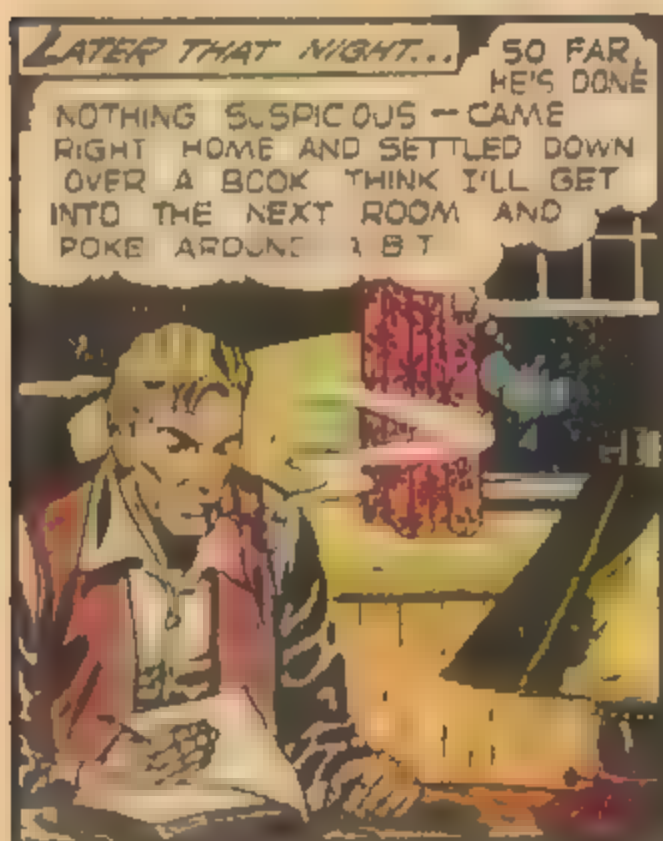
I'M HERE FOR THE SAME REASON  
AS YOU — TO SEE WHO'S TAKIN'  
EQL PMENT FROM THAT ROOM. I'M  
ON THE TRACK OF THE **DYNAMITE  
KILLER!** SAY — WHO'S THAT?

THAT'S  
MY MINE  
FOREMAN,  
SAM  
BARNES!



BARNES IS THUH  
ONLY ONE I ALLOW  
IN THAR! HEY —  
D'YUH THNK — MEBBE  
HE COULD BE  
THUH ONE?

COULD BE, COULD  
BE. AT ANY RATE,  
SAM BARNES  
CAN STAND A  
B.T. OF CLOSE  
WATCHIN'.



**LATER THAT NIGHT...** SO FAR  
HE'S DONE  
NOTHING SUSPICIOUS — CAME  
RIGHT HOME AND SETTLED DOWN  
OVER A BOOK. THINK I'LL GET  
INTO THE NEXT ROOM AND  
POKE AROUND A BIT.



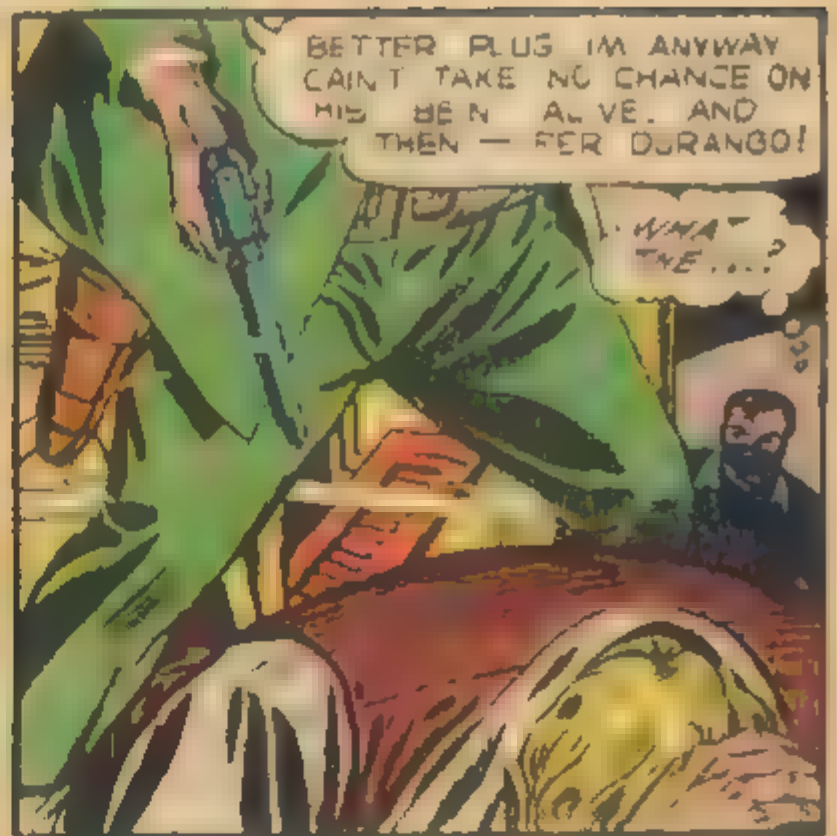
SOMETHING — SOMETHING  
IS SURE GIVING ME A  
**CREEPY** FEELING... LIKE  
SOME IMPENDING **DOOM**  
... A SIXTH SENSE!  
MAYBE I'D BETTER LAY  
LOW — UNDER THAT BED!



**SUDDENLY...**



# THE DURANGO KID





# THE DURANGO KID





# THE DURANGO KID





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